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## THE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

Of the various pleasant drives round the metropolis, that through the Phoenix Park, by the side of the Liffey, and the Strawberry Beds to Lucan, Leixlip, and the Salmon Leap, appears to be most esteemed by the citizens. Numerous fine views of the Dublin and Wicklow mountains meet the eye in passing through the Park, and leaving the bay and city behind; while before, and around, on every side, a picturesque and finely cultivated coun-

try appears to invite the traveller forward with full promise of gratification and enjoyment.

Having already, in several former numbers, described the principal features of the landscape in this direction, we need only further mention that the Strawberry Beds are much frequented by parties of pleasure at the season of the year when the fruit is ripe; and that at any season the beauty of the scenery will well repay a drive to those who may not before have seen this part of the country.



THE STRAWBERRY BEDS.

## THE ABDUCTION OF A VOTER.

A general contested election is always a scene of disturbance and tumult, but more especially in Ireland, where the genius of misrule and mischief seems to have a particular partiality for presiding. An Irishman has a natural love of contention, as the old story of trailing a coat in the fair will testify; and on an occasion like this, when not only the love of opposition, but the bitterness of party feeling, are awakened, "war to the knife" is of frequent occurrence. This is the case, more especially in country towns, for in cities there is always some stir; but when the monotony of country life is broken in upon by a hard contest, and speeching, and placards, and broken heads, the rural factions seize every opportunity of a *scrimmage*, and the general result is, a few lives lost, all for honour, glory, and patriotism—(*quere, pat-riot-ism.*)

It was during the election, which took place in 18—, and which many of our readers must remember, from the virulence displayed by all parties, that the somewhat singular occurrence took place, of which we are about to speak. In the elegantly furnished breakfast parlour of one of the splendid residences of the former nobility in this city, sat a beautiful young girl. The entire furniture of the apartment was imposing, and costly without being vulgarly rich—all was elegant and refined, and the vase of sweet flowers over which Emma was leaning—the odour loaded rose and the graceful lily, seemed most fit to rest on the spider table of polished rosewood, at which she was sitting. Before an open writing desk, on which was strewn various unopened letters, sat a gentleman somewhat above the middle age, with a high polished brow, and dark hair, on which time already had begun to lay a

gentle hand—his features resembled Emma's considerably, but were more strongly marked, and had acquired a haughty and somewhat aristocratic sternness, which, however, extended not to his eye; for it was, though penetrating, mild and gentle in expression. His brow appeared thoughtful and somewhat disturbed, as he glanced over a letter which he held closely to him, and then a smile of a doubtful character, it might be of vexation, crossed his features as he exclaimed—

"Now Emma, love! who would think it? Frank writes me word that all my tenants have refused him their support, and that unless I can contrive to go down, he fears he'll lose his election!"—

A slight blush tinged her cheek as the name of Frank was mentioned, but not being noticed, it soon died away, while her father continued—

"I don't like the son of my old friend to be thrown out, and that by those upstart Ryans—but 'tis such a distance, and so wild a neighbourhood—yet, he says he'll meet me on the road. The rascals should not be allowed to have their own way. Emma, do you think I ought to go?"—

"Go father!—why, poor Frank, you know, will expect you; and the weather's so fine, and I'd so love to see "*Mount-prospect*," and—and—why, Sir! I think you ought."

"Well then, love, there is no time to be lost—do you hasten and make preparations, for we must be off before night.—while I go and see about the carriage"—answered her indulgent parent, as he left the room; while Emma, with a gleam of joy lighting up her fine eyes, danced out like a fairy, carolling in the glee of an unclouded heart!

Emma Hemple was an only daughter, and strange to